



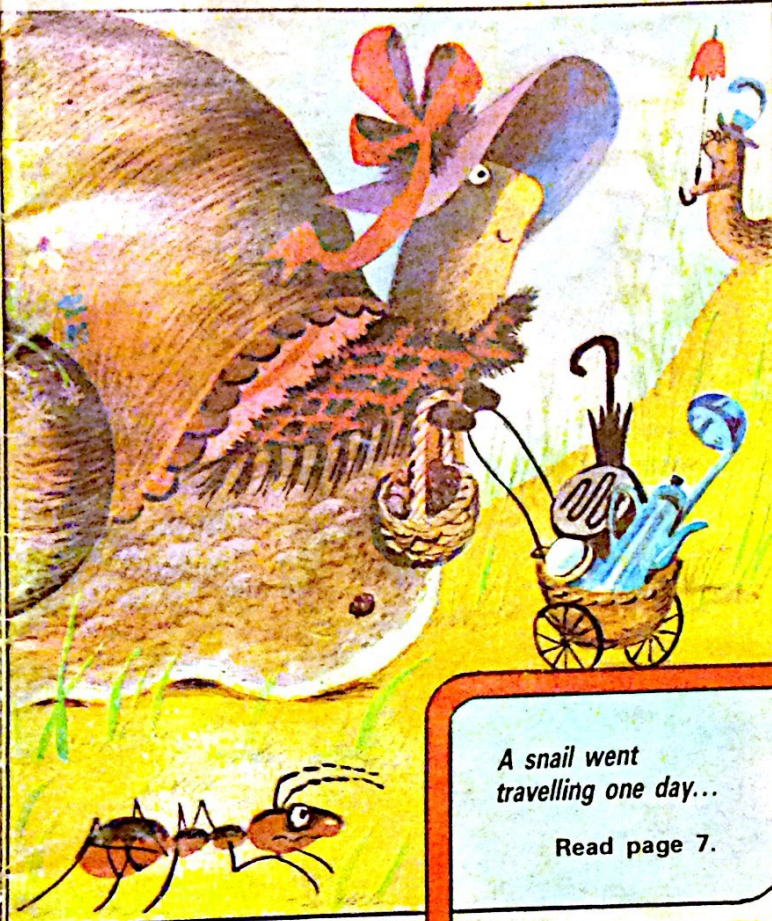
MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

10/1986

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish



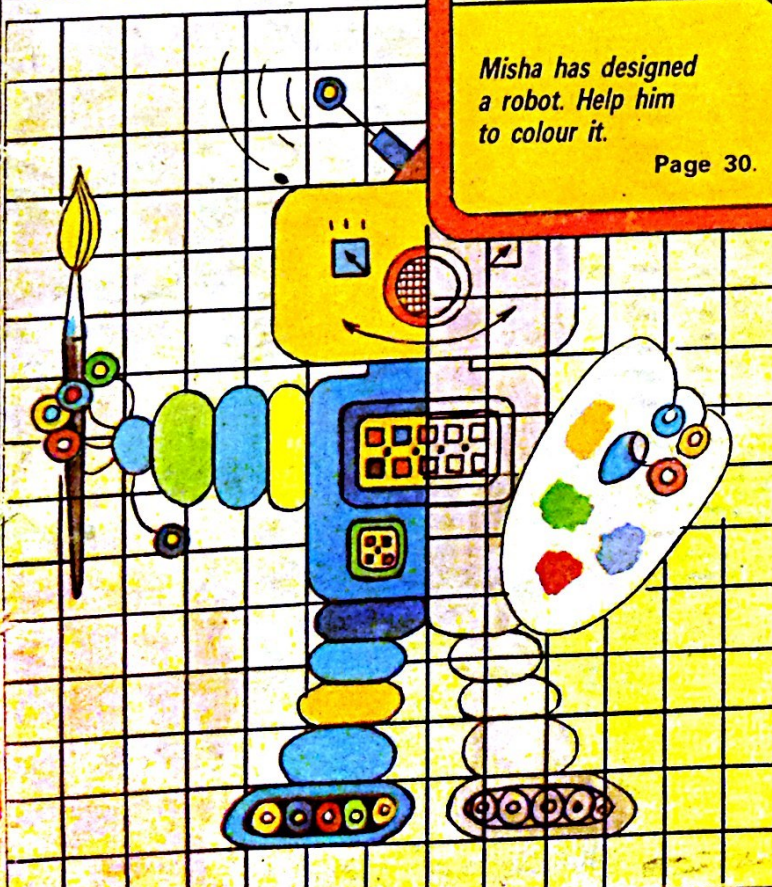
*A snail went
travelling one day...*

Read page 7.



*Houses, boats,
clothes, furniture,
and milk shakes,
all made of bubbles!
Don't believe it?*

Turn to page 10.



*Misha has designed
a robot. Help him
to colour it.*

Page 30.

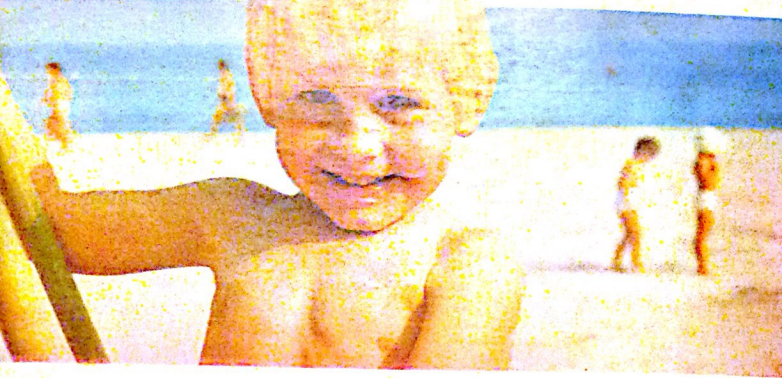


*From under my
hat come clouds
of steam...*

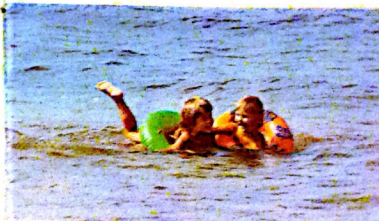
Turn to page 15.

Sonochka Kuznetsov of Moscow related this story to Misha's correspondent. The photographs were taken by VICTOR BUKOVICH.

THE GOLDEN FISH FROM JURMALA



"An old man lived with his old wife at the edge of a deep blue sea"—that's how my favourite fairy-tale, "The Fisherman and the Fish", begins. For a long time I'd wanted to go to the sea so that I could meet the golden fish, too. But Mum always said, "You need to grow a little more." At last I grew enough and we went to the sea. And not just any old way—we took a plane and when it landed we were in the Latvian city of Jurmala.



We stayed in a big white building that looked like a ship. It even had balconies like decks. The building was called a holiday hotel and a lot of boys and girls were staying there with their parents.

From our window I could see the sea: it was really close and deep, deep blue. We ran down to the beach. And there... Oh, it was so interesting! Kids sat right by the water's edge and built towers, castles and skyscrapers out of sand. One girl came over to me and asked: "Would you like to build with us?" I said "Yes". The kids made room for me and I started to build, too—a spaceport and a rocket glider. They came out great!



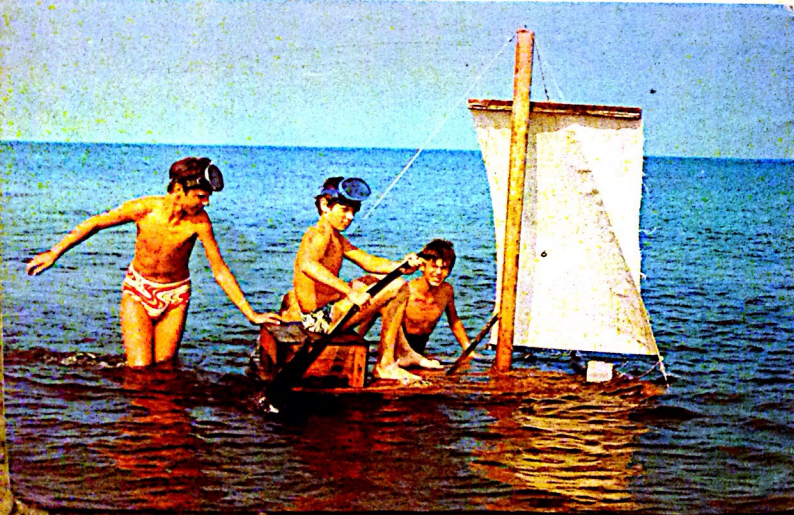
The girl said her name was Inga and that she was from Jurmala. There was a boy, too, Mamat from the city of Alma Ata. They don't have a sea there but they do have gardens and apples. Mamat invited us all to come visit him. And Kolia told us that he lives by a sea, only not by a blue sea: by the White Sea. It's so cold that only seals swim in it. Kolia's Dad is the captain of an icebreaker and Kolia wants to become a captain, too.

We kids swam a lot, played "he", rode the waves, went on boat trips, ate a lot of yummy ice cream and whipped cream.

But our parents' holidays ended and we had to leave. Later in the train Mum said: "It was just like in the fairy-tale, except we didn't meet the golden fish." That's when I remembered it. I started to feel really bad that I hadn't seen the golden fish.

"But the golden fish probably saw us," Dad said, patting me, "saw us and made sure that the sun was bright and the sea was warm and that you made lots of good friends."

And I said: "Thank you, Golden Fish from Jurmala, we'll be back."



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Professor Gramov invented a robot named Electronic which was the smallest image of a boy named Seriozha. The robot was so big an electrical charge. It ran away from its inventor and met Seriozha. While going through the park the robot swallowed the watches he changed and fountain-pens the on-lookers had given it. Electronic and Seriozha barely managed to elude their pursuers and get to Seriozha's flat. The next day Seriozha turned the watches and fountain-pens in to the lost-and-found department.

Story by YEVGENI VELTISTOV
Illustrated
by VALENTIN ROZANTSEV

Continued from No. 9

"The millennium will have come in the year 2000," the boy told the robot. "They'll be celebrating it, but they don't find any strange things in the world. Suddenly your professor explained me carefully and said: 'This is the time I'm looking for. Let the boy go!'"



Seriozha got Electronic set up in a closet. "We'll think about what to do with you later, but for the time being read..."

...ing Seriozha realised that he had proved the theorem the class had been talking about and that he would be in hot water at school. Electronic was as...



...rushed. "What's so hard about that," he exclaimed, and added a dozen proofs of the troublesome theorem. Then Seriozha had a brainstorm: "You could go to school instead of me! After all, no one can tell us apart."



The lesson began. Mathematics teacher Taratar Taratarych, as the kids called him, called first on the class troublemaker, Makar Goosev. With a good bit of help Makar was able to make the drawing on the board. "Who can give me a better proof of the theorem?" the teacher asked. "I know twenty-five proofs," Electronic said. The class froze. Seriozha, who had never excelled at maths, glibly proved the difficult theorem. And by different methods, too, as the ancient Greeks, Chinese and Arabs had and even as the best mathematicians do today. "Sit down, Seriozha," the teacher said. "I'm giving you a A++." After the bell the kids gathered round the hero of the hour.



Goosev yelled the loudest: "Ha! Ha! We have a new Taratarych!" And with his hands he made a nose and donkey ears at Electronic. Electronic jumped up onto a desk, grabbed the cheeky fellow by the collar and, holding him at arms length, calmly said: "I don't tease and I don't fight. Remember that, Goose!" His legs wriggling, Makar whispered: "I'll remember, Seriozha, I promise."

THE ADVENTURES OF ELECTRONIC

Seriozha suggested to Electronic that they celebrate the victory by going to the circus. The tickets they got put them at different ends of the hall. The clowns, jugglers and acrobats all performed. Finally, the most interesting part of all—the mixed animal groups—was announced and four-legged artists entered the ring.



Suddenly a brown bear hopped off his bicycle, stood up on his hind legs and mounted the stairs, scaring the audience. A muffled growl was heard coming from the gallery. It was Electronic giving a perfect imitation of the bear.



"Young man, why are you ruining my act?" the trainer asked Electronic in a whisper. "I want to shake his paw," the robot replied and "growled" once more. The bear held out its paw. The audience burst into applause. And a surprised Seriozha wondered happily: "Is Electronic the best trainer in the world, too?"



"How did you do it?" Seriozha asked the robot on the way home. "I just decided to figure out how people tame animals," Electronic replied. "But you're not a person," Seriozha protested. "Though you did a great job with that bear! Maybe you could come to an understanding with Mad Sausage?"



Mad Sausage was a mongrel dog that lived in Seriozha's courtyard. It wasn't too hard to lure him into the flat with a tidbit.



Catching sight of Electronic the dog began to growl, and its hair stood on end. In its trainer Mad Sausage sensed something hostile and iron. So the dog had to be removed from the flat. After this unsuccessful experiment Seriozha asked Electronic: "When are you ever going to become a person? Go to school now and earn me some excellent marks."



To be continued



MISHA'S STADIUM

Olympic gold medalist,
Misha tells you how you
can breathe correctly.

INHALE... EXHALE

"One summer a bunch of boys were jumping from some cliffs along the seashore into the water. Then, suddenly... One of them jumped—and didn't come back up. What should they do? Fortunately, an experienced swimmer was close at hand. Taking a deep breath, he dove. One minute passed, two, and still he had not reappeared. Only towards the end of the third minute did the swimmer surface with the little boy, saved. If that swimmer had not learned how to breathe correctly he probably would not have been able to stay under water so long.

Breathing correctly—deeply and through the nose—is not just something sportsmen should know how to do. The person who breathes right feels good and has no fear of colds or sore throats. Happily, it's not hard to learn at all.

Here is the first exercise. Pretend you have a rose in your hand. "Smell" it. Close your mouth and take a deep breath just through your nose. Exhale. Start by inhaling through both nostrils, then through each in turn.

A good exercise for learning to exhale is the "hurricane". Place several pieces of paper on a table, stand about one metre away, take as big a breath as you can (through your nose!) and blow. The little pieces of paper should fly in every direction. Be a "hurricane" 6-8 times and try to scatter the pieces of paper as far apart as possible.

And finally the "gurgling" exercise. Fill the sink with warm water, take a deep breath and... Put your head in the water and gurgle until you run out of air.

Start any sort of gymnastics with breathing exercises.



Drawings

by VLADIMIR UBOREVICH-BOROVSKY

6

RAIM FARKHADI

A SNAIL WENT TRAVELLING



*A snail went travelling one day,
"Now, what is it I want to take?
A cup and a kettle,
A pan and a pail
I'll need them for sure,"*

*Decided the snail,
"Grandfather's clock,
This painting so dear,
Dry strawberries, too,
I shall need them, I fear.
The porch with the garden,
The gate with the lock;
To pack is a nuisance,
To travel—hard work.*

*My home's a strange thing,
A strange thing, indeed:
I miss it awfully as soon as I leave.*

*I think I shall take it
With me in one piece:
The attic, the chimney,
The roof... Oh, please—
Don't laugh, oh no!
Just help me to load
My home on my back,
And I'm off for the road,
I'm off for a journey
Around the globe.
The going may be tough
For the road's unknown,
But I shall feel fine
And forever at home.*

Drawing
by IGOR OLEINIKOV

A CLOSE CALL OVER THE TAIGA

VITALY KORZHIKOV

In the autumn, at the time when the roads were at their most impassable, Sasha, a pilot, was asked to deliver mail, provisions and a young horse named Dubok to the distant taiga river Lada.

Delivering provisions and mail are all in a day's work for Sasha. But taking horses up in a light plane is a very dangerous business. If the horse becomes frightened in mid-air it can break up a plane with a few blows from its hooves. But the only way to get to the thickest part of the forest, beyond the mountains and the swamps, is by plane. And without a good horse in this kind of weather a geologist just would not get along.

That is why taking horses to the Lada was nothing new to Sasha.

As usual, Sasha got a handful of lump sugar at the cafeteria and went to the plane where the brown, sinewy horse was already standing. At first Dubok timidly cast sideways glances at the ramp and resisted being led up it. The geologist, who pulled at the end of its bridle, only swore at the horse in vain.

But when Sasha put a lump of sugar under Dubok's muzzle the horse stretched out its lips, and already for the second piece it walked up the ramp towards the door.

Sasha got behind the controls and looked around. The most dangerous part lay ahead.

The plane sped down the runway and began to gain altitude. Dubok started to quiver. He cast his eyes from side to side and his pupils grew large and dark with fear. Although he could not see it, he sensed that an abyss was opening up beneath his legs. But the horse behaved well. Soon this was like any other flight. A village flashed by below. A group of boys waved at the familiar plane. Finally, a crimson forest blazed up below and there, in the middle, glittered a little river—the Lada.

Soon to the right of it appeared the geologists' hut and a small landing strip.

"Well, that's that. Looks like the worst is

over," said Sasha. He landed the plane and led the shaking Dubok out into the clearing.

Then he helped the geologists unload the provisions, turned their newspapers and letters over to them, gave the horse another lump of sugar in parting and began to get ready for the return trip. Suddenly two hunters ran into the clearing, the well-known trapper Fomich and his partner. They carried an enormous sack in their arms.

"Whew, barely made it!" Fomich said, panting, and then added: "Please take me with you, back to town, Sasha."

"With the animal?" Sasha asked.

"A lynx! Just bagged it today," Fomich boasted as he shook the pine needles out of his beard.

Sasha was wary: a lynx would be some passenger! But Fomich reassured him: "She's quiet now. I didn't have time to build a cage, but she's bound with straps. And I have something else, just in case." He shrugged the

shoulder from which an old double-barrelled shotgun hung.

"Well, all right," said Sasha.

Fomich dragged the sack into the plane, and, unslinging his gun, opened it. A spotted head, grey tufts sprouting from its ears, looked out.

"A fine beast," Sasha said and got behind the controls.

Light clouds floated towards the plane. Far off, blue bands of rain stretched down from dark stormclouds. Now and again between the plane and the ground flocks of birds flew southwards over the autumnal forest.

Fomich smoked and, clutching the gun between his legs, sighed. How lovely it was! The motor purred. Calm lay over everything.

"You should keep an eye on that sack!" Sasha yelled, but the hunter just dismissed his advice with a wave of his hand: everything was fine, the lynx wasn't going anywhere.

And, nodding, he again admired the autumn scenery.

"Beautiful!"

Sasha nodded in agreement. Suddenly he looked around, as if sensing that something was amiss. And at that moment two green eyes flashed at him.

The lynx was preparing to spring. "The lynx!" Sasha shouted to Fomich.

The hunter lost his head for a second, but then raised his gun and was about to press the trigger when over the noise of the motor he heard Sasha yell, "Hold on!" and grabbed the door; the plane shot upwards. The lynx hung suspended in the air for a moment and then tumbled backwards. Fomich lost his grip and toppled after the cat, dropping his gun.

"It'll tear him apart," thought Sasha, and just as quickly threw the plane into a dive. He recalled how horses freeze in terror when a plane drops into an air pocket.

The lynx was pressed up against the side of the plane. Fomich lay alongside her. He held on to the beast's back with one hand and with the other he fumbled for his gun.

"Too bad if we had to shoot it," Sasha

thought. "Such a beautiful beast!" And he turned the plane on its side. Animal and hunter tumbled to the right. Right, left, right, left....

Sasha glanced back. The lynx looked towards the cabin, at him. But now its eyes did not burn. They had become dull and were slowly closing.

"Aha, you're being rocked to sleep, my little passenger," he thought and once again began to turn the plane from side to side. He was already flying over the village where the boys he knew lived. They thought the pilot was dipping the wings so energetically for them and they ran after him for a long time.

But Sasha didn't notice them. His thoughts were entirely on getting to the airport as soon as possible. The plane shuddered and Sasha worried that maybe the old girl wouldn't withstand all this shaking.

The radio operator felt poorly and leaned back in his seat. Fomich lay beside the lynx and held onto its head. Now he saw neither the taiga nor the ground, nor the approaching airfield.

"All right, we're almost there," Sasha said to himself.

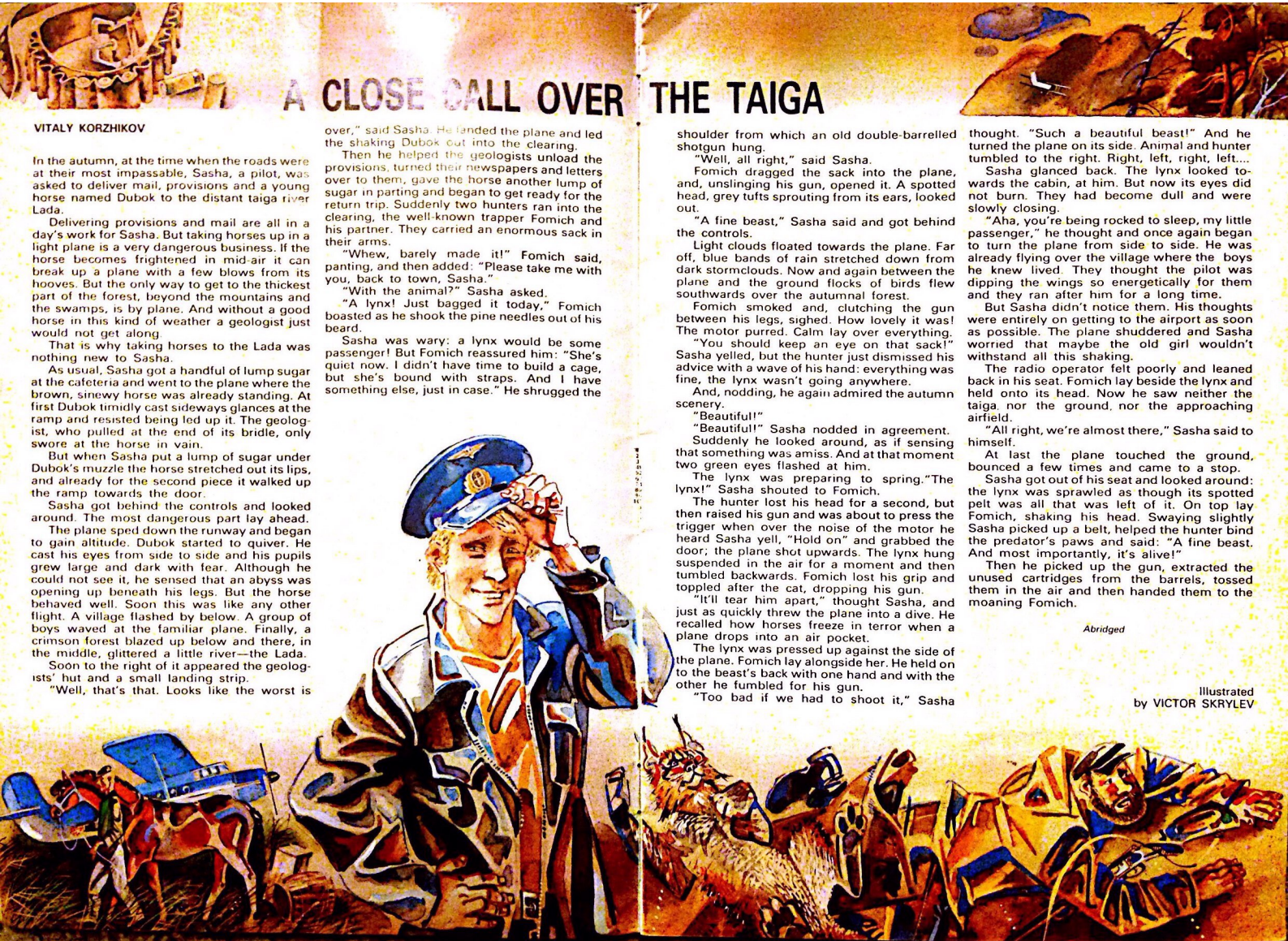
At last the plane touched the ground, bounced a few times and came to a stop.

Sasha got out of his seat and looked around: the lynx was sprawled as though its spotted pelt was all that was left of it. On top lay Fomich, shaking his head. Swaying slightly Sasha picked up a belt, helped the hunter bind the predator's paws and said: "A fine beast. And most importantly, it's alive!"

Then he picked up the gun, extracted the unused cartridges from the barrels, tossed them in the air and then handed them to the moaning Fomich.

Abridged

Illustrated
by VICTOR SKRYLEV



HOW? WHY?
WHAT FOR?

A BUBBLE'S PROFESSION

You've probably blown soap bubbles at one time or another, right?

You get them by pouring into half a glass of water, adding a little glycerine. Then you stir the water until it frothed, got a straw—and beautiful, iridescent bubbles floated through the air.

When a person is pompous but stupid people sometimes say he's "as puffed up as a soap bubble." Which is to say that on the outside he's pompous and handsome but there's nothing inside.

Is there really nothing inside a bubble? What about the air you used to blow it? That super fine film of soapy water surrounds a ball of air.

Bubbles, bubbles... When there are a lot of them they are called foam or suds. The very same suds that seem to appear out of nowhere when you wash your hands. By the way, here's a little secret to keep in mind—the better a lather you work up with your soap the cleaner your hands will be.

But what if the film between the bubbles is made of something other than soapy water? Say, of milk, ice cream and fruit syrup? Then that foam, made in a mixer, is a yummy milk shake.

Foam does not last long. The bubbles gradually burst, the air that was inside them escapes and the foam settles. But man has learned how to make hard foam. For example, he took mortar, whipped it, let it harden and he had foam concrete, a construction material that can be used just about everywhere. It can do everything ordinary concrete does, but weighs less.

If air bubbles are surrounded by a film

of plastic a different wonder material is born—foam rubber. It is precisely one-hundred times lighter than ordinary cast plastic because foam rubber largely consists of air. For this reason foam rubber is practically unsinkable and is used to make light boats and buoys. And how many shipwrecked people have been saved thanks to life vests made of foam rubber!

The air bubbles hidden in foam rubber are wonderfully elastic. Even the most fragile instruments can withstand bumps and jolts when packed in foam rubber. And not long ago Finnish scientists used foam rubber to make—beehives! The bees were immediately pleased with their new homes. In winter these hives are warm while in summer they protect the insects from the intense heat. What is more, bees that live in foam rubber hives get sick less often.

Take a look and see how many kinds of "foam" there are around you! We wear jackets filled with a foam called porolon. The pillows on our easy chairs and couches are made of porolon, too. If a fire occurs we can put it out with the help of the foam in fire extinguishers. We even eat foam!

Take, for example, two egg whites and beat them. Add half a glass of sugar and beat again. Now you have a stiff white foam. Place it in mounds on a baking sheet and bake for twenty minutes. What did you get?

That's right—meringue!

OLEG NAZAROV
Illustrated
by ANATOLY DUBOVIK



Two walrus life guards will soon appear on the beaches of Copacabana in Brazil. The animals are now learning to take lifesavers to drowning people and nudge them towards the shore. Walruses have great endurance and can swim 40 kilometres an hour.



An English inventor, Anthony Howarth, has designed and built a wooden automobile. This unusual vehicle successfully covered a distance of 30,000 kilometres, travelling from the Polar Circle to the equator.



Makoto Osaki from Japan is only slightly over one-year-old but he has already made it to the top of Mt. Island in the Himalayas. The brave little rock climber ascended the peak on his father's back.



If you were to take the amount of thread a spider would have to produce to encircle the globe at the equator the skein would only weigh a little over 300 grammes.

A Tajik folk tale
illustrated
by LEVON KHACHATRIAN

KAKHKA, THE MAGIC BIRD



Once upon a time the magic Kakhka saw an old fisherman who had only one small fish to show for his day's work. "What will you do with it?" "I'll go to the



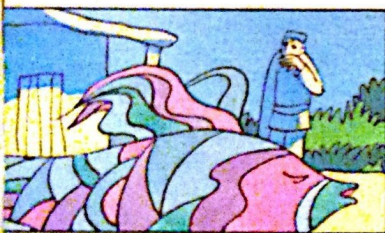
market, sell it and buy some bread." The bird felt sorry for the old man and said: "Go home. You'll never be hungry again."



"I have gone blind," the ruler said. "But if I can wash my eyes with Kakhka's blood I will see again. Catch the bird and half the state is yours."



The old man agreed to do it. He hid the ruler's servants under the tree on which Kakhka alighted. And next to it he set out various delicacies. At midnight the fisherman said to the bird, "Please come down. I've prepared everything with my own hands. After all, I haven't once thanked you for what you've done."



When darkness fell Kakhka came to the old man's home and left an enormous fish. And did so every night thereafter. The fisherman grew rich. One day when



he was at the bazaar he heard the town crier say: "Whoever finds Kakhka will receive half the state."



Kakhka flew down onto the carpet. The old man grabbed the bird by the legs. But then something unexpected happened—it flapped its powerful wings and took off.



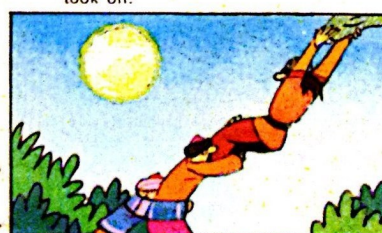
But the magic bird rose higher and higher. The old man became afraid, let go and fell, taking all the servants with him.



Overjoyed, the old man jumped up from the place where he was sitting. And then sat down again after all, you couldn't betray the one who had saved you from



starving. But the town crier had already spotted the fisherman and took him to the ruler, saying "This man knows something about the magic bird."



One servant grabbed onto the old man's legs and a second grabbed onto his... Soon a long chain of people hung in the air.

THE WHITE CRANES ARE DANCING

One step, another... Hope I don't stumble! I wonder if these wings would help? Oh, if only they were a bit longer.

A fledgling white crane takes his first steps. In just a little while this youngster will be hard to recognise. His neck and legs will lengthen, his reddish fluff will turn into blindingly white plumage, his bill will grow and on his head a bright red cap will appear. And how easily, with what grace he will begin to move! Especially when he performs springtime dances!

Look! A pair of cranes have stopped hunting for frogs and turned to face one another. Why isn't there any music? The dance has begun!

The cranes bow, hop and flirtatiously bend their necks. Then, suddenly, they flap their wings, shoot into the air and circle over one spot. Next they find pebbles or twigs on the ground, start tossing them into the air and catching them in flight. Or they assume odd poses for one another. Generally speaking, there are a lot of cranes in the world—ten different types in all. The most common is the grey crane. These can even be tamed. Tamed cranes maintain order in poultry yards and are just as good as dogs at scaring away interlopers.

But the white crane is rare. There are only about four hundred such cranes in the world. They build their nests in the USSR—in western Siberia and Yakutia—and fly south to India for the winter. To help the white cranes hatch their young, scientists find their nests in the tundra, take one egg from each and hatch the fledglings in incubators.

SAVVA NOVIN

Photographs
by GEORGI SMIRNOV



RIDDLES

VICTOR MUSATOV, NIKITA RAZGOVOROV and LEV SANDLER

Drawing by DMITRY BARABASH



I stand on the roof by day and by night
I have no ears, no eyes, but my sight
And hearing perfect forever have been
You'll guess what
I am when you look on the screen.

I saw my face,
Then stepped aside—
It disappeared
from my sight.

From under my hat
Come clouds of
steam
My belly
with water
Is filled to the brim.

(A TV antenna)
(A mirror)
(A samovar)



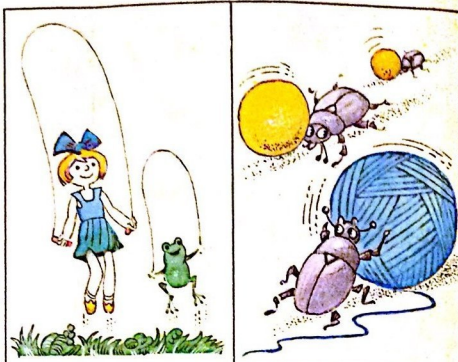
MISHA'S PICTURE GALLERY
FAIRY-TALE HEROES
Alexei Ostromensky has drawn
the characters from a famous fairy-tale.
Which one? You can find
the answer on page 18.

**Misha's
PICTURE
GALLERY
(Answer)**

"Once upon a time there was a little girl. One day the girl went off to the forest to gather wild strawberries and there she met an old woman"—so begins "The Magic Pot That Cooked Sweet Porridge", a fairy-tale by the Grimm brothers. The little girl offered the old woman some strawberries and was given a magic pot in return. One only had to say "Little pot, boil!" and it would cook as much sweet porridge as you wanted. And on the cue "Little pot, stop!" it would immediately stop cooking. The girl thanked the old woman, took the little pot and went home. After that the mother and daughter lived in plenty and there was always food on the table.

One day when girl was out visiting some of her friends the mother asked the pot to boil. But she couldn't remember the magic words for making the pot stop. And so the porridge filled the whole room, spread from the room onto the porch and then out into the street. And still the pot went on cooking more porridge. The little girl noticed the porridge-flooded streets and rushed back home. There she pushed her way onto the porch and screamed, "Little pot, stop!" And the pot stopped. True, it had cooked so much already that people had to eat their way through porridge. But no one complained since it was so scrumptious!

MISHA'S LITTLE TEASES



Drawings
by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV



Misha's MAILBAG
Children's
illustrated monthly:
8, Ulitsa Moskvina,
Moscow, 103772, USSR



"My Friend". Mariela Gutierrez, Argentina



In this year's February issue of Misha you learned to make paper cut-outs. Katia Gribacheva did more than just make a baby elephant; she made up a story about it.

**THE LITTLE
ELEPHANT'S
HOLIDAYS**

When the Elephant's school broke up for the summer he set off for his native India to try and find himself a friend there. The first thing he did when he got there was to look up his mummy and daddy; then he put a brand-new cloth on his back and went for a stroll in the jungle. There he came across a small village where he met a little Indian girl. They became good friends. And when it was time to leave the girl said, "Come back soon."

"Blacksmith". Agnes Sata, Hungary



Based on the book
by Rudolph Erich Raspe
Drawings
by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO

THE STORIES OF BARON MÜNCHAUSEN



I'm always lucky when it comes to adventures and amazing discoveries. I recall an island where the inhabitants had got nothing but cucumbers which grew on tall trees.



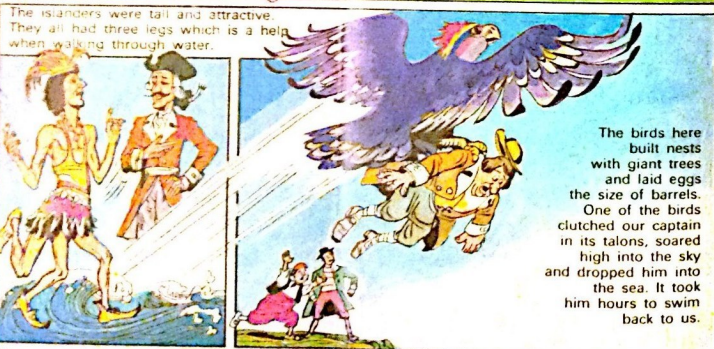
One time I was at sea in a heavy storm and a mast crashed down, smashing the ship's compass. We lost our way and headed for an island that we saw in the distance. The sea grew whiter and whiter and a pleasant smell filled the air.



In the harbour instead of water we saw milk! We all had our fill, of course. Then a sailor shouted "I hate cheese! Take it away!" I bent down and lo and behold—instead of land there was a mass of excellent Dutch cheese underfoot. And whatever was eaten during the day grew back at night.



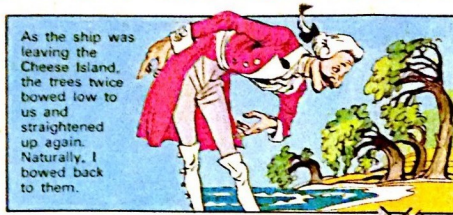
Even the grapes were special on that island—they were all milk inside, and loaves of bread grew right in the fields.



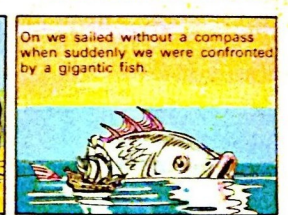
The islanders were tall and attractive. They all had three legs which is a help when walking through water.

The birds here built nests with giant trees and laid eggs the size of barrels. One of the birds clutched our captain in its talons, soared high into the sky and dropped him into the sea. It took him hours to swim back to us.

Baron Munchausen—the most truthful man on earth—has already recounted quite a few of his extraordinary adventures to Misha's readers. You can read them in the May, June and July issues for 1985 and in the August and September issues for 1986.



As the ship was leaving the Cheese Island, the trees twice bowed low to us and straightened up again. Naturally, I bowed back to them.



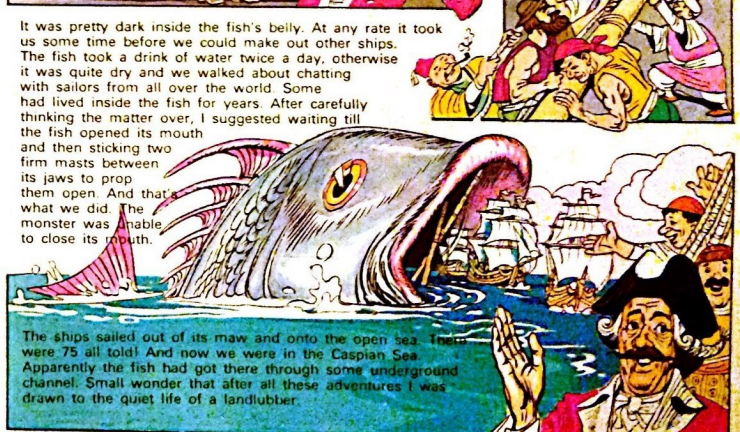
On we sailed without a compass when suddenly we were confronted by a gigantic fish.



Feeling thirsty it opened its cavernous jaws and in went our ship right into its mouth along with the water. Here, I must confess, even the fearless me trembled with fright.



It was pretty dark inside the fish's belly. At any rate it took us some time before we could make out other ships. The fish took a drink of water twice a day, otherwise it was quite dry and we walked about chatting with sailors from all over the world. Some had lived inside the fish for years. After carefully thinking the matter over, I suggested waiting till the fish opened its mouth and then sticking two firm masts between its jaws to prop them open. And that's what we did. The monster was unable to close its mouth.



The ships sailed out of its maw and onto the open sea. There were 75 all told! And now we were in the Caspian Sea. Apparently the fish had got there through some underground channel. Small wonder that after all these adventures I was drawn to the quiet life of a landlubber.

A SILLY STORY

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO

Petia wasn't such a small kid any more. He was four.

But Mummy thought he was still a tiny baby. She spoon-fed him, led him by the hand and dressed him in the morning.

One day Petia woke up in his little bed and Mummy began dressing him.

Having finished, she stood him up by the bed. But Petia dropped down on the floor. Mummy thought he was just being naughty and stood him up once more. But he fell down again.

Mummy was surprised and stood him up for a third time. And again down the child went.

Then Mummy got frightened and rang up Daddy at his office.

She said to Daddy: "Come home soon. There's something the matter with our little boy. He can't stand up."

So Daddy came home and said: "Rubbish. Our little boy knows perfectly well how to walk and run."

And he stood the boy up on the carpet. The boy was about to make for his toys but down he plopped again—for the fourth time now.

Daddy said: "We must call the doctor at once. Our boy must be ill."

So they called in the doctor. The doctor arrived, wearing spectacles and a stethoscope.

The doctor said to Petia: "What's the meaning of this? Why do you keep falling down?"

Petia replied: "Beats me, I just can't seem to stand up today."

The doctor turned to Mummy and said: "Undress the child, please. I'd like to examine him."

So Mummy undressed Petia and the doctor listened to his chest.



He listened through his stethoscope and said:

"The child is perfectly healthy. I can't imagine why he should be falling down all the time. Dress him again and stand him up on his feet."

Mummy quickly dressed the boy and stood him up on the floor. And the doctor put on his spectacles to get a better look at the boy falling down.

As soon as they stood the boy on his feet, down he went.

The doctor, utterly bewildered, said: "You'd better call in a professor of medicine. Perhaps he can tell you why this child keeps falling."

So while Daddy went off to call a professor in came Petia's friend, little Kolia.

Kolia looked at Petia and said laughing: "I know why Petia is falling down all the time."

The doctor said: "Will you get a load of that! This tiny tot knows better than I why it is that children fall down."

Kolia said: "Just look at Petia's clothes. One trouser leg is dangling empty and both his legs are stuffed into the other one. That's why he keeps falling down."

Everyone oh-ed and ah-ed. Petia said: "It is Mummy, she is always dressing me."

The doctor said: "Forget the professor of medicine. We know why the child is falling down."

Mummy said: "In the morning I was in a rush to get his porridge ready, and just now I was too upset. Which explains why his trousers are on wrong."

Kolia said: "I always get dressed myself, so no silly mix-ups like that can ever happen to me. Grown-ups always mess up."

Petia said: "From now I'll dress myself." And everyone laughed. Even the doctor. Then he said good-bye to everybody and went about his business.

Daddy went back to work. Mummy went into the kitchen. And Kolia and Petia, left in the bedroom, started playing with toys.

And the next day Petia put on his trousers himself and that was the end of silly mix-ups for him.

Drawing by VLADIMIR MOCHALOV



CHILDREN AND PARENTS

A three-year-old Vasia examined his hand meditatively and said: "This finger's first name must be Little and his Surname must be Finger."

Ira took a long time washing her face. Finally she emerged from the bathroom and declared: "Look everybody, I've spring-cleaned my face!"



Seriozha marvelled boiling milk: "Look, the milk is growing up!"

Tamara came home after a walk. "Dear, oh dear," her mother groaned. "You must have brought home all the mud in the street!" "Oh, no, mummy. There's plenty left where that came from!"

"I've got a terry sweater," said Lena. "Funny it wasn't terry before my kitty got hold of it!"

Father was playing with Oleg, tossing him high up into the air. "Oh, Daddy, not so high please. I don't want to fall on the sky."

Prepared by IRINA YEFIMOVA and BORIS SULIMOV

**А Б В Г Д Е Ж З И Й К Л М Н О П
Р С Т У Ф Х Ц Ч Щ Ъ Ы Ь Э Ю Я**

GOOD AFTERNOON!

Today we'll learn the Russian letters Э, Ю, Я. They are printed in yellow. Try to write and memorise these letters: Э, э (e), Ю, ю (yu); Я, я (ya). Try to read them: Я—I (ya), Ты—you (ti), Он—he (on), Она—she (ana), Мы—we (mi), Вы—you (vi), Они—they (ani:). These are pronouns.



**Я ЧИТАЮ—
I READ**
(ya ch'i tayu)

**МЫ ЧИТАЕМ—
WE READ**
(mi ch'i tai m)

TRY TO LEARN

Let's play a game. Take some paper cards and write down all the verbs and pronouns you know on them. Put the cards face down in two piles: verbs and pronouns. Decide who will be the leader. He or she should take a card from each pile and read the verb and pronoun written there. Those who answer must make the verb agree with the pronoun. For example:
Ты you ти—pronoun
СЛУШАТЬ to listen slúshat—verb
The answer is: Ты слышаешь you listen ti slúshai:sh
Мы we ми—pronoun
БЕГАТЬ to run bégat—verb
The answer is: Мы бегаем we run mi bégai m
For each correct answer you earn one point. If you fail to answer correctly any of the players can help you and earn a point for a correct answer. After each turn replace the cards at the bottom of the appropriate pile. The first person to earn 20 points is the winner.

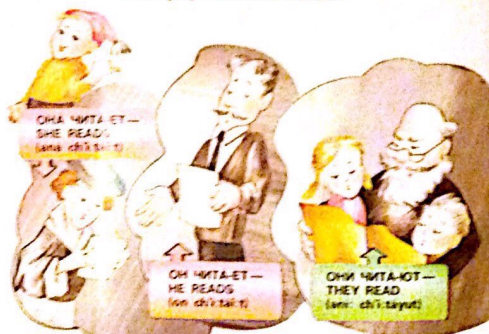
Drawing by NATALIA LEBEDEVA



**ТЫ ЧИТАЕШЬ—
YOU READ**
(ti ch'i tash)

**ВЫ ЧИТАЕТЕ—
YOU READ**
(vi ch'i tai te)

ПУЛЯТЬ—to go for a walk (pulyat'), ДЕЛАТЬ—to make (delat'), ЗНАТЬ—to know (znat'), ЧИТАТЬ—to read (chitat'), РАССКАЗЫВАТЬ—to tell (raskazivat'), РЕШАТЬ—to decide (reshat'), СООБРАЖАТЬ—to think (soobrazhat'), СПРАШИВАТЬ—to ask (sprashivat'). These are verbs.
Let's repeat the words you already know.
ИГРАТЬ—to play (igrat'), СЛУШАТЬ—to listen (slúshat'), ПРЫГАТЬ—to jump (prigat'), БЕГАТЬ—to run (bégat'), СЧИТАТЬ—to count (schítat'), ПЛАВАТЬ—to swim (plavat'), РИСОВАТЬ—to draw (risovat')

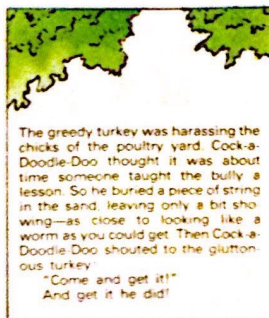


**ОНА ЧИТАЕТ—
SHE READS**
(ana ch'i tai t)

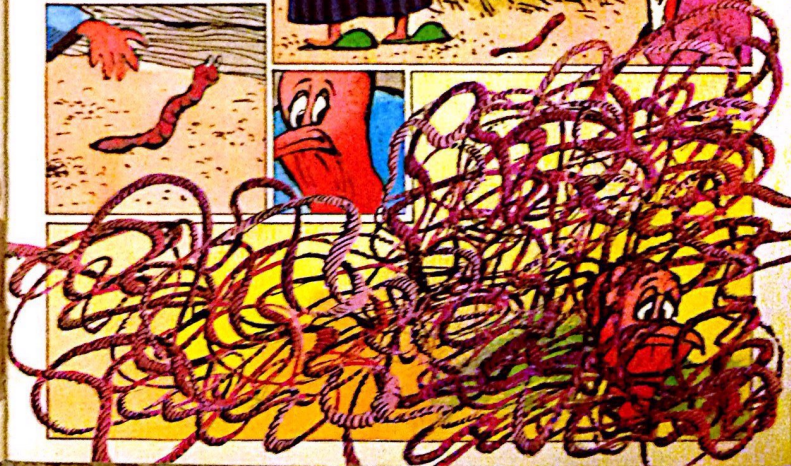
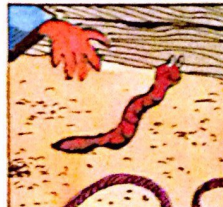
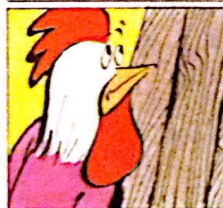
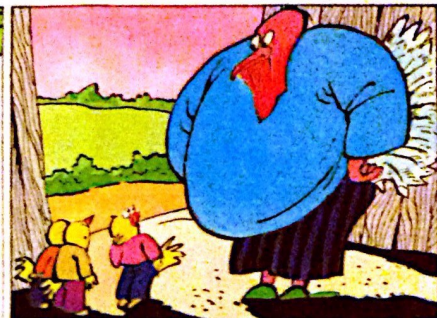
**ОН ЧИТАЕТ—
HE READS**
(on ch'i tai t)

**ОНИ ЧИТАЮТ—
THEY READ**
(oni ch'i tayut)

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO ROOSTER



The greedy turkey was harassing the chicks of the poultry yard. Cock-a-Doodle-Do thought it was about time someone taught the bully a lesson. So he buried a piece of string in the sand, leaving only a bit showing—as close to looking like a worm—as you could get. Then Cock-a-Doodle-Do shouted to the gluttonous turkey:
"Come and get it!"
And get it he did!





One day a Fairy godmother sat in a park lost in dreams. When she got up to go she forgot to take her magic wand from the bench.

The old lady arrived home, had a cup of coffee and was just about to conjure up a piece of cake when she realised she didn't have her wand. Had she had her wand the enchantress would have waved it in the air and found herself in the park in a jiffy. Alas... Now the Fairy had to get up and walk. And she was horribly old and walked ever so slowly, so by the time she got to the park the wand was no longer on the bench. The Fairy grieved for a while and then went to a newspaper office. There she handed in a notice.

LOST A MAGIC WAND. ANYONE FINDING IT IS REQUESTED TO RETURN IT.

The editor took one look at the text and exclaimed: "You must be kidding! Magic in our day and age? No, dear sirs!"

And he refused to print the notice.

The Fairy set off for home. On her way she met a fat man in a hat who kept glancing at his watch. When he saw the Fairy too close to his wrist, at the magic meter (which all fat men wear for a watch). The figure on the meter changes whenever something unusual happens.

The old lady remembered perfectly well that when the wand got lost the reading on the meter was "198 miracles". She remembered regretting having lost an almost new

wand. After all, a magic wand has a 500-miracle capacity, and if you replace the batteries it's good for another 200.

Now the meter read "208 miracles". That meant that someone had found the wand and was waving it like mad. The meter ticked on miracles right before her very eyes—209, 210...

The Fairy clutched her head. This could be disastrous! In clumsy hands the wand behaved like a wilful wild pony.

At home the Fairy hurried to the closet and got out an ancient magic bicycle which she had nearly forgotten was there. It had one very big wheel and one small one. Both wheels

THE LOST MAGIC WAND

spotted miracles wherever they occurred and sent the bicycle heading that way. The Fairy started pedalling for all she was worth. Soon she ran into a crowd of excited people waving their hands in the air.

"Did you ever? Well, I never!" all of them were saying at once. "A tram came rushing by, suddenly stopped and flipped around just like that!"

The Fairy saw that it must be the wand's doing. And she pedalled on.

The meter ticked away, miracle after miracle. The city fountain all of a sudden started spouting Fanta instead of water. True, it only lasted some 20 minutes but all the children in the neighbourhood managed to drink their fill!

Evening set in. The Fairy glanced at her wrist. The meter read 225. The Fairy went home.

Come morning, she was on her bicycle again. But try as she could she always arrived moments late at the

spot where the miracle had occurred. She noted, however, that all the miracles happened in the same area. So she decided to go round to the houses there and inquire if there had been anything unusual happening to anyone. In one yard she heard of the extraordinary luck Kuzin of No. 3 had had: "A mere lad and already a cycling champion." A mere lad—a champion! The Fairy even hopped on one foot with joy. Surely, that was a miracle! "You call that luck!" another boy retorted. "Kuzin spends 24 hours a day training!"

And the Fairy knew that she had made a mistake. After walking on for a while she suddenly realised she had arrived at the park where she'd lost her wand. A little girl stood by the familiar bench, holding the magic wand and was wishing that the chestnut trees grew grapes. And instantly the trees were draped with the fruit. But five minutes later the grapes started dropping on to the walk. For, of course, they couldn't live on chestnut trees!

"What's this now?!" the girl stamped her foot. She waved the wand and the grapes flew up obediently. But in another five minutes they all fell down to the ground like hailstones.

Nastia wanted to wave the wand some more but the Fairy stopped her.

"It won't work that way."

"Why not?" "Grapes won't grow on chestnut trees. It's unnatural."

"Well then, let it be cherries. I like cherries, too."

"Nor cherries. Would you like me to teach you to use the wand?"

"No!" yelled the girl and raised the wand high.

Obviously she had something evil in mind.

"Stop! This may be dangerous," cried the Fairy.

"Ha!" cried Nastia. "I'll simply run away and you'll never catch me. Now I'll wish something for myself." And she cried out, "Let there be a little donkey."

At once there popped up a little donkey by the bench. Only there was no one to ride it, for it was the girl herself that had been turned into the donkey. And perhaps she would still be one but for the Fairy, who, luckily, was there all the time. She picked up the abandoned wand and waved it and Nastia galloped home. Again as a little girl, of course.

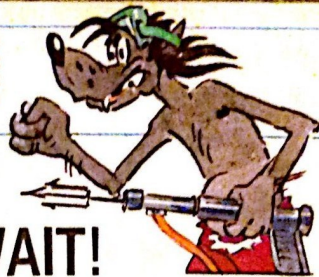
It takes some skill to use a magic wand. Remember that if you ever come across one.

GEORGI POCHETSOV
Drawings
by YEKATERINA ROZANTSEVA
and ALEXANDER PASHKOV



On these pages our old friends Wolf and Hare meet again. Wolf thought he'd rest a while after chasing Hare. And what could be better on a hot day than a refreshing swim in the river?

ALEXANDER KURLIANDSKY
ARKADY KHAI
Drawings by SVETOLAR RUSAKOV



JUST YOU WAIT!



So Wolf set off for the beach, complete with flippers, a diving mask and a harpoon.



When—suddenly—What's that? Who's that?



And that's Hare on a poster. A cute, frolicsome Hare. How about firing a shot at him, at close range? WHANG!



Wolf picked up a brick. Not to hurl at Hare, oh no.



Simply to draw target circles on the poster.



Wolf took a dozen steps back, swung his arm, took aim and...



Oh-ho-ho! Gotcha!



Right in the bull's-eye! First try! Well done, Wolf.



Wolf yanked at the trident but it wouldn't come off.



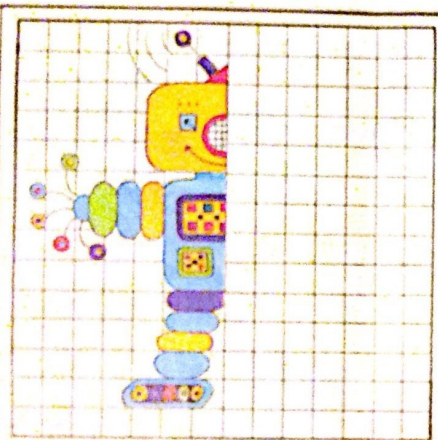
He pulled harder—still it wouldn't budge. Gave it a mighty wrench...



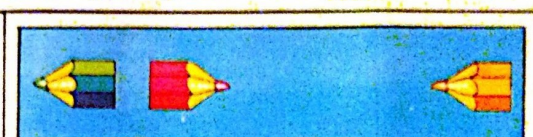
And the fence collapsed on top of Wolf, pinning his arms and legs to the ground. Well, Hare, just you wait!



MISHA
CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY



What is missing on the table and in the picture after the thiefing Maggie has been there?



Can you tell which is the longer distance—between the green and the red pencil tips or between the red and the yellow ones? Use a ruler to check whether your guess was right.



A helicopter, a saw and other objects... What ideas did man borrow from nature in making them?



Make up a story about the resourceful sailor.



The stamps here show ball games. Name them. Which do you like best?

Drawings by TATIANA GRUDININA



What animals are pictured here?

Published by SOVIET UNION magazine
 Editor-in-chief: Nikolai GRIBACHEV
 Founded in July 1983
 Managing Editor: Mikhail SHPAGIN
 Chief Artist: Valentin ROZANTSEV
 This issue was designed with the participation of Victor SKRYLEV
 Editorial Office: B. Ulitsa Moskvina, Moscow, 103772, USSR
 Printed at the Pravda Printing Plant
 We request due acknowledgement of anything reprinted or reproduced from the magazine

Front cover: Drawing by V. ROZANTSEV
 Back cover: Photograph by Y. Ivanov

Total Circulation Services, Inc., 300 Hudson Street, Hackensack, New Jersey 07601, USA



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY

10/1986

Published in English, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Russian and Spanish

